

In Passing

impressions
of our moments
linger
for many days and nights
a nomad bears his load

I stare out over the bay and watch as ripples of
violet and orange mingle on the horizon.
Cumulus clouds etch the evening sky. Waves of
wind blow tall marsh grass against my knees.

The familiar scent of the sea wafts into my
imagination and settles there with thoughts of
you. A lone heron wades along the shoreline
and then vanishes with the sun.

fly on a wall



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